PARIS, July 6.

NOTES FROM LONDON.

POTTISWOODE - HUXLEY-MARLBOROUGH -JULY FOURTH. .

PROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE!

LONDON, July 6.

A noble life, a few flowers, and many tears—

that is what it all comes to." The words I quote were said yesterday near the open grave of the late President of the Royal Sosiety by one of his most distinguished colleagues, and I don't know that much more need be said, Whether Mr. Spottiswoode had fully earned the distinction of burnal in Westminster Abbey is an idle question. The memorial proposing it to the Dean was signed by many of the greatest names in science and in the social world, and its prayer could not well have been refused. Time, which tries all things, will in due course affirm or reject this, like other claims to immortality; and to this supreme arbiter the matter may well be left. "In the thronged aisles of the great church," savs a writer this morning, "were thousands who had gathered there not merely to do henor to a name, but who bad more or less intimately known the man, and loved and respected him." That I apprehend expresses one part of the truth. Mr. Spottiswoode's eminence in science may or may not insure him a lasting celebrity. But he doubled the post of titplar chief of the scientific world with other qualities and claims of a more purely personal kind. If s pure and beautiful character and a life of simple dignity and generous usefulness may be the foundation of a claim to posthumous honor, Spottiswoode's grave in Westminster Abbey is rightly

The funeral was as simple as a funeral in West minster can well be, but the ceremonial was manysided, as besitted a man who in life touched the complex life about him at so many points. Two of the great Universities sent their Chancellors, the Marquis of Salisbury representing Oxford and Earl Granville the University of London. The Duke of Northumberland, president of the Royal Institution; Dr. Evans, vice-president of the Royal Society; Sir William Siemens, president of the British Association; Sir John Lubbock, president of the Linnean Society; Sir Bartle Frere, for the Asiatic Society; Sir William Armstrong, Institute of Civil Engineers; Lord Aberdare, president of the Geographical Society ; Mr. E. J. Stone, Royal Astronomical Society : Professor Flower, Zoological Society; Sir Frederick Leighton, Royal Academy of Arts; the Chancellor of the Exchequer for Her Majesty's Government; and the Master of the Stationers' Company, were pall-bearers. It was not forgotten that Mr. Spottiswoode had been different departments of the Queen's Printing Office were present. So was a company of volunteers which he had once commanded, wearing crape and with arms reversed, their silent military sternness singularly adding to the effectiveness of the demenstration. The Prince of Wales, mindful perhaps of the frequent remark on Darwin's funeral that not one of the Royal family either came or sent, was present by proxy in the person of Mr. Andrew Cockerell. Members of the Royal Society in great numbers, men of rank, of letters and politics, also met in the Jerusalem Chamber, where they had been invited by the Dean to assemble at 11 o'crock, an hour before the funeral, and needlessly long before. To mention but a few, there were Profess ors Huxley and Tyndall, Mr. Forster, Sir Charles Dilke, Sir Joseph Hooker, Mr. Lecky, the Master of Balliol, Mr. Shaw-Letevre, Mr. Mundella, Lord Stanhope, the Archbishop of York, and two Cabinet Ministers of Lord Beaconsfield's time, Sir Richard Cross and Mr. W. H. Smith. Mr. Henry Irving walked in last of all, and his presence sharpened the contrast between the funeral and the festival which not a few of us had left hardly twelve hours

Jerusalem Chamber is a historic place, but it was less suitable for such a company than the Chapter House, where almost all the same people had gathered for Darwin's obsequies. The way from the Chamber to the entrance of the nave lies through tow dark rooms and narrow passages, and though there was much calling of names and marshalling of men, it was a slow business. I cannot say where the pall-bearers found the coffin, but when we reached the church it was already resting under the lantern, hid by flowers, and the bearers were sitting on either side. We had to traverse nearly the whole length of the nave, the footway laid with black cloth. Mr. Irving was the central personage of the procession to most of the multitude that filled the nave and choir, and his pictur figure in deep black, and picturesque face, and quiet mapper, were greeted as he moved along with the continuing murmur of his name. The choir was crowded like the nave, and black groups of men and women clustered about the columns of the transepts and stood out in relief against the white marble of the many incongruous monuments with which too great piety and imperfect art have commbered the Abbey. The service was of reasonable length. A psalm was sung, a lesson read, ther came another, then the body was again taken up, and the pall-bearers and the reformed procession followed it to the east angle of the north transept where the grave had been opened. The final words were said, the final notes of melancholy music rang sadly through the arches, the family and friends who passed by for a last glance gazed down on masses of lovely flowers which rose near to the upper edge of this last resting-place, and so the ceremony ended. The pavement about the grave was itself strewn with flowers, until plous hands picked up and carried them away as mementoes.

The choice of Professor Huxley by the Council of the Royal Society to succeed Mr. Spottiswoode as President was practically upanimous. It was the turn, as they say, of the natural sciences; mathematics and physics had theirs in the last election, and if the new man was to be a physiologist, Pro fessor Huxley was indicated by natural and almost necessary selection. There is no other living authority in his own branch of investigation who fills to large a part in public estimation. A section sides, I suppose, with Professor Owen in a coutroversy now, it may be hoped, prssing out of memory. Every now and then, in quarters where a suspicion of personal ill-will to Mr. Huxley abides, may be read obscure but bitter allusions to the partly imaginary wrongs endured by the older at the hands of the younger man of science. Owen, I lately discovered from some such source, was long since balked by Huxley of his natural ambition to suceced to the chair of science. But all that makes slight impression either on the public or on the special circle most competent to decide on the mer its of such issues. The most complete senate of the English scientific world is beyond dispute the Royal Society, and the wisest among them are of the Council. What these twice-tried specialists think of Professor Huxley, their choice of him to reign over them sufficiently shows. The outsiders have declared their opinion with equal clearness by crowding to his lectures and reading his books, and -those who know him personally-by heartily admiring and liking the man. The remark most commosly made about him is that he would have won distinction in whatever profession he might have adopted, had not science claimed him for her own. A student and scientist of the widest general cul ture, of the most practical, nard-headed business talent, versed in affairs, a sound judge of men, liberal in the best sense, a man of the world in the best sense, with all which that wide title implies. The divorce between literature and science, which one has so often to lament, has been annulled in his person. He has the gift of letters and of speech; a style, whether spoken or written, which never misses its mark, and never fails to charm. If these are the days when Science is to extend its kingdom, Mretching out its band or its sceptre to the universe, Professor Huxley is surely its appointed apostle in England. The scientific and non-scienthe spheres alike have much to gain from an interpreter of this stamp, and reason to rejoice in the fanction now set on his authority.

Some super-foolish loyalist put in motion a rumoi hat this Presidency of the Royal Society was to roflered to the Duke of Albany. Few young are so ill served by their friends as he. But they put him forward for the Viceroyalty of thich there can be no reason to doubt ted for him, at not by him, and as we

know, refused by the Prime Minister in terms no less distinct than 'deferential. And now comes this suggestion of a post for which his claims or qualifications, other than royalty of blood, are utterly undiscoverable. It says something for the cool sense of the British public that the hint found no support in any important quarter.

The Duke of Marlborough, who died suddenly of acute heart disease early Thursday morning, was not a great man, but he was the descendant of a great man, and he was a Duke. You may read, accordingly, to-day copious accounts of him, and it is perhaps curious to note that the one journal which gives him the foremost place in its leader columns is the organ of Liberalism. He had two or three claims on the attention of those who survive him. When Lord Blandford he passed an act for strengthening the Established Church in large towns by the subdivision of big parishes. I confess I read with some astonishment that this Act is what will cause him to be longest remembered. One must be of the Church, and devoted to the Church before all things, in order to be able to take such a view as that. The generality will remember the seventh Duke of Marlborough as Lord Beaconsfield's Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He made a very good Viceroy in respect or the ordinary functions falling to the Queen's representative, and he was made famons to all the world when Lord Beaconsfield addressed to "My Lord Duke" the manifesto which preceded the general election of 1880. It was in the time of his Viceroyalty that Home Rule grew to a strength which led Lord Beaconsfield to de nounce it as "a danger in its ultimate results

scarcely less disastrons than pestilence and famine." Mr. Parnell's unscrupulous agitation had the excuse and aid of two bad harvests and much consequent distress. The Duke, and more especially the Duchess, herself Irish by birth, a daughter of the Duke of Abercorn, undertook to relieve this distress by appeals to English generosity, resulting in gifts of something like \$700,000 to the people whom Mr. Godkin holds up to pity as the object of English hatred

Queen's Printer, and eight foremen or managers of the general attention the fact that the late Duke

the Government and Nation to whose comments the gradient of the legation, which is too small for hospitalities, but his house in Lowndes-square, and the rooms on two floors were filled from 3 to and the rooms on two floors were filled from 3 to the rooms on two floors were filled from 3 to the rooms on two floors were filled from 3 to the rooms on two floors were filled from 3 to the rooms on two floors were filled from 3 to the rooms on two floors were filled from 3 to the rooms on two floors were filled from 3 to the rooms on two floors were filled from 3 to the rooms of two floors were fille 6. Guests found themselves among a throng of their own countrymen, with here and there an Englishman who came to express his triendly respect for the United States or for her representative. There were, I believe, no celebrations or dinners. Not a few Americans accepted the Irving dinner as a sufficient substitute for the exclusively national festivals common on this day-the single day, as Mr. Lowell remarked, to which Americans, perhaps alone among great communities, confine national self-laudation. Lord Coleridge went so far as to say that the day was becoming more and more a British anniversary; a remark which may induce our Irish-American friends to sentence him G. W. S. once more to deatn.

THE CHURCHILLS.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S NOTES ABOUT A PAMOUS FAMILY.

FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIB-LONDON, July The Duke of Marlborough is dead. Long

ve the Duke of Mariborough! Thirteen years and five months ago there was a grand wedding at Westminster Abbey; the wedding in facwhich set the fashion for very great people to get mar-ried in the ancient cathedral church of St. Peter. It was a glorious wedding day. Two daughters of the Duke of Abercorn were to be married, one to the Marquis of Lansdowne and the other to the Marquis (by courtesy) of Blandford, heir apparent to the Dukedom of Marlborough. Many celebrities now dead and gone were present in the old Abbey on that day, among whom, conspicuous by his office as Dean of Westminster, was Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, who not long since followed to the grave the amiable and accomplished wife whose obequies were honored by the presence of royalty. in November, 1869, the terrible mortality of the last ten years had not attacked those foremost in this land for political and intellectual rank, and it was a glorious wedling day. The Abercorn branch of the Hamilto family was already celebrated for its noble alliances Of the daughters one was already Countess of Litchfield another Countess of Durham, another Lady Dalkeith, wife of the heir to the Dakedom and enormous estates of Buccleuch, and a fourth was Countess of Mount-Edg-cumbe. Thus the Lazies Albertha and Maud Hamilton had well kept pace with their sisters. The Lady Maud had married a "reigning" marquis, already in possession of immense tracts of land in England and in tre land, and a slever man into the bargain, or he would not have been just chosen as Vicersy for Canada, after his conduct to the Liberal party in the matter of the Irish Land Act. Lady Lansdowne's life has been singularly fortunate. With a husband of lofty rank she obtained rast wealth as well as ample intellect. She has sons an daughters, and, in common with her sisters, enjoys an extraordinary reputation for kindness, gendeness and a certain purity and simplicity of character and manne

in any class of the community. THE MISERIES OF A DEVOTED WIFF.

With equal claims to love and honor, the Lady Alber tha Hamilton, married, on the day her sister became Marchioness of Lansdowne, to the Marquis of Blandford mourns an existence utterly martyred by the perversit of her husband-now Duke of Mariborough. Sister t the Marquis of Hamilton and Lords Claud and George Hamilton, all in the House of Commons, as well as to the well-married ladies just enumerated, her marries life has, for several years past, been as unhappy as it is possible to imagine. The story of it is like one of those French realistic romances in which a good woman is made to suffer every torture by a hopelessly bad one. About fifteen months after the glorious wedding day just mentioned, another wedding was solemnized. Lord Aylesford married Miss Edith Williams, one of the pretty daughters of the late Colonel Peers Williams, of Temple House. This Colonel Peers Williams was the father of Colonel Owen Williams, between whom and Colone Fred "Burnaby there was to have been a lawsuit the other day touching the authorship of a paragraph sent to Mr. Yates of *The World* by an anonymous hand and by him net published but referred to Colonel Williams The sisters of this gentleman, all very handsome, were celebrated as the finest crew of lady-rowers on the Thames. If the expression may be employed, they "manned" their boat in first-rate style and were equally at home in the saddle, riding straight to hounds. Colonel Williams has been, and is, a particular friend of the Prince of Wales, and there has always been muci gay company at Temple House. Lord Aylesford, very prominent at Eton, while he was Lord Guernsey, as a lac wno took his liquor and laid the odds on the Derby with equal freedom, is a popular man among men and women and commenced his married life under the happiest anspices. Of his two daughters the Princess of Wales stood sponsor to the second, and all went well with the Aylesfords socially for a while.

It is, however, notorious that these young sporting ords are rarely happy with their wives. Lord Dupplin was unfortunate in this way, and presently it was found that both Lord and Lady Aylesford were engaged in intrigues, those of the latter being of a very vulgar type. Her ladyship flew, or was flown at, by higher game. The terrible scandal of the packet of letters, said to have been written by an illustrious personage, broke upon the astonished world, and finally it was known that Lady

Aylesford had succeeded in entirely withdrawing the Marquis of Blandford's affections from his wife. was no concealment about the matter, and great sympathy was felt for Lady Blandford, who under the mos trying circumstances exhibited all the virtues of an admirable woman. Instead of demanding of the divorce court the relief which was confessedly her due, she made every possible effort to reclaim her husband. It was thought that for the sake of the children, among whom is the boy who last week was called Lord Sunderland and now is helr to the dukedom, the husband would make an effort. To do him justice he did make an attempt to live again with his wife, who be haved charmingly under the most trying circumstances. All went smoothly for a few months but it then became known to Lady Blandford that her husband had renewed his acquaintance with Lady Aylesford in Paris, had brought her over to England, and established her near London. Despite th sad and humiliating discovery the poor wife made effort after effort to reclaim her husband, and if was only when she found that a child had been born to Lady Aylesford that she instituted proceedings for a divorce, in which Lord Blandford, who had been trying to make this way in politics, cut a disgraceful figure. A SCANDALOUS DIVORCE SUIT.

In the meanwhile Lord Aylesford had tried hard to get legally rid of his wife; or, rather, this precious rair tried hard to get rid of each other. But there is a method of proceeding in the English divorce court which provides that when two hearts are bad and desperately wicked they shall not be put asunder to poison the existence of others. This is called the Intervention of th Whenever it Oncen's Proctor, who is a valuable officer. comes to the ears of this functionary that a divorce is a put-up job " between husband and wife, the Queen's Proctor intervenes, declares that there is collusion, and the case collapses. Also, if it is patent that both husband and wife have been leading immoral lives, the Queen's Proctor prevents either from being divorced from the other. In the Aylesford case it was notorious that man and wife were in this condition, and no divorce could or can be obtained. Lady Aylesford remain with her baby out in the cold, but Lord Aylesford does not suffer in the least. He, like a rollicking Briton all of the modern time," is the joy and delight of the Mariborough and other clubs affected by the Prince of whom Mr. Godkin holds up to pity as the object of English hatred.

Perhaps in later days the Duke of Mariborough has been not less widely known as the father of Lord Blandford and of Lord Randoiph Churchill. Lord Blandford and of Lord Randoiph Churchill. Lord Blandford and of Lord Randoiph Churchill. Lord Blandford and extremely conservative father; with views on the land and some other questions which might go near to be thought social istic. He has achieved an equal notoriety as detendant in a divorce suit, in spainful circumstances on which this surely is not the moment to dwell. Lord Randolph latterly has done his brother the service of eclipsing lim in the public mind; and him we are in no present danger of being allowed to forget. Add to these claims upon the general attention the fact that the late Duke brought to the hammer and dispersed over the world the famous library collected by his ancestor the third Farl of Sunderland. Add finally that he it was who moved and seconded the rejection on the third reading in the House of Lords of the Description of the third reading in the House of Lords of the Description of the third reading in the House of Lords of the Description of the third reading in the House of Lords of the Description of the third reading in the House of Lords of the Description of the third reading in the House of Lords of the Description of the third reading in the House of Lords of the Description of the Lords of Wales. For Lord Aylesford is eccentric and amusing even in his cups. Partaking one day at the Maribor

terest cannot stand against your corn; and everybody makes tartifa dead against us. But I cannot see the political future of either the Duke of Mariborough or Lord Randolph Charchill.

It is, however, just probable that the extreme Radicalism of the Duke has been prompted by the state of the family property. Perhaps the best and steadiest source of income is the large pension enjoyed by the Duke because it was iduotically granted to the Great Duke (they have all been little dukelets since) of Mariborough, logelher with the Blenheim estate forever. To grant an estate is one thing, to saddle or attempt to saddle a country with a perpetual pension of five thousand pounds sterling per annum is another. Prabably the present Duke has foreseen that the remaining persions are among the abuses at which the Radical axe will presently be levelled. What the exact condition of the family estates may be, I do not know, but cannot think it very good in face of the recent sales of the Rienheim gens to an irromaster and the sunderland Library and Rienbelm coamels by another. It is easier to sell such things than a great estate, especially at the present moment when the value of land is so uncertain.

The Dowager Duchess of Mariborough will be recollected by her splendld charity during the familue period of 1879. It was of her gifts of Indian corn meal that the lifetit distiller of whiskey said, on being reproached with the wretched quality of his stut. "Shure, and it's the

or 1879. It was of her gifts of Indian eorn meal that the illicit distiller of whiskey said, on being repreached with the wretched aunity of his stuff. "Shure, and it's the Duchess's male as makes moighty poor potheen."

THE OUTLOOK FOR PEACHES.

ABOUT THREE-FOURTHS OF LAST YEAR'S CRO LOOKED FOR.

One of the largest dealers in peaches in the

city said to a Taint's reporter, concerning the prospects of this year's crop :

"I have just returned from a two weeks' tour of the great peach-growing districts of Delaware and Maryland The parts of these two States that lie adjacent to the water courses have their crops of peaches carried by boats to Philadelphia and Baltimore, while the Pennsyl vanta Rairoad supplies this city, Boston, etc. This rall road, as is customary with its managers each year, has issued its annual circular concerning the prospects of the peach crop, stating that the crop would be much larger than last year. I found on investigation that such was not the case. The crop will be about two-thirds in quantity compared with last year, but the quality was never setter. I estimate that it will be 25 per cent better than last year unless there is a great deal of warm rain at picking time, which causes the fruit to rot on the tree, " Has any particular section of the peninsula suffered this year I'

"In thirty years' experience I have never seen the crop so evenly distributed. Usually the crop will be excellent in some sections and entirely destroyed in others, but I could see none of that this year. the orehards had borne heavily last year there was to be seen a slight failing off this scason." "What do you think will be the amount of this year's

"I have been figuring over that subject, and as closan estimate as I can make ts 1,500,000 baskets for this city alone, while probably 1,000,000 baskets will go by us to Boston and points north and east."

"What proportion of the crop will vessels carry t"
"Probably one-fourth, while the Penusylvania Railroad will carry the other three-fourths."

"When will the crop arrive!" "We are now receiving crates of the first ripe fruit. It is small and of poor flavor, but its scarcity makes it sell well. The bulk of the crop will not begin to arrive

entil about August 1." "What are the prices and varieties of peaches?" "All we receive now come in crates holding a sen bushel and seil, according to quality, as high as \$3.50 a crate. The early varieties are Troth's Early, Alexander's Beatrice and Hale's Early, that rots badly. There little money to the farmer in the early varieties, they rot so badly in the crate, especially in hot, showery weather. The medium varieties in time of ripening are Mountain Rose, Honest John and Late Rose. The late varieties are Late Crawford and Smocks. There are of course many other varieties with fancy names, but those I have mentioned are the stand-

ards."
Do the orchards on the peninsula show any signs of

disease?"
"Not the least. They are in fine condition."
"What proportion of the crop is supplied by the penin-

"Not the least. They are in fine condition."

"What proportion of the crop is supplied by the peninsular"

"About three-fourths of the whole crop, while the other fourth comes from New-Jersey, which is cultivating the late sorts that pay best, and hereafter New-Jersey will take the place of Delaware in producing late peaches. The late varieties bring as high as \$3 in basket, as they are sought after by housewives for preserving after many of them return from their summer trips."

"In what kinds of packages do the fruit come mostly to market!"

"New-Jersey and Upper Delaware ship in baskets holding twenty quarts, while Lower Delaware ships in crates holding a scant bushel."

"On shippers practise the art of placing the finest fruit on top!"

"This is only done by beginners and small producers, as such a practice hurts a shipper's reputation and is never practised by the large producers."

"What becomes of the packages!"

"We return or pay for the baskets, but the crates go with the fruit."

A large fruit store in Broadway where the finest peaches in town are to be seen was visited.

"What class of peaches do you handle and where do they grow," was asked.

"We only handle the finest quality. The earliest come from Georgia; they arrived this year May 15. Those we are now handling oome from California. They are of yellow fesh and are called Haie's Early. Those we are now handling oome from California. They are of yellow fesh and are called Crawford's Early and are shipped in flat boxes holding 117 each, and each peachis wrapped in soft white paper. They are shipped in refrigerator cars from California and the packages are examined at Calcago and only the best forwarded to this city. They are now worth \$2 50 to \$5 a box, depending upon quality. The crop in Georgia has not been so good as it was last year. In California it has been about the same as last year.

MONTANA SKETCHES.

THE HILLS AND WATERS NEAR BOZEMAN. PLANTS THAT ARE STRANGE AND TROUT THAT ARE STRANGER, ESPCIALLY TO THE HOOK.

M AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE. BOZEMAN, Montana, July 8 .- Here in the heart of the Rocky Mountains the Fourth of July overcook a band of scientific explorers and certain others whose attainments were not so burdensome as to interfere with their appetites or comfort. Bozeman, which lies a good mile above sea level and some 1,100 miles beyond St. Paul on the line of the Northern Pacific road, is not one of those towns of yesterday which sprang out of the ground in front of the railroad construction trains. Twenty years ago prospectors and miners began to drift toward the rich gold diggings in the northwestern part of Montana,-it was then Dakota,-and the same season a forward-looking ranchman set up h cabin upon this spacious plain. In 1864 it was evident that this was to be the trading centre of the rich valley. and the town of Bozeman was started with six substantial ouses. Refugee Confederates from Missouri,-known locally still as "Price's Left Wing,"-men who had a better stomach for the perils of the frontier than for civ-bized fighting, came thronging here as the bushwhacking warfare at home made life unpleasant. In 186' tional reinforcement against the Indians who had stubbornly contested every foot of ground with the new comers, the settlement grew rapidly; and the railroad which reached here in March last found a thriving city ot 3,000 inhabitants, with schools, churches, papers, large mercantile houses, well-appointed whiskey saloons, gambling hells, and other evidences of advance Christian civilization.

Mountains are plied up confusedly in every directle about the Bozeman Valley, the summits of the higher peaks glittering with snow. The challenge to climb is not to be resisted. Only eight miles away towers Mt Bridger, at the extremity of a spur from the great Belt range. It rises nearly 5,000 feet above the level of the plain, and despite its rugged look the ascent is con-paratively easy. But to gather Alpine flowers from among its snows and return before nightfall would ocsupy all the hours of a busy day even here at the north where summer days are long. Mystic Lake, which lies fourteen miles away in the Gallatin range and is said t consist of trout and water in equal proportions, is there fore selected as the point to attain, and a party of half a dozen, with a guide, is soon galopping toward the foot-It is seven miles to the mountain trail. The noble sky-line of the mountain ranges and the grand sweep of their slopes, the sense of freedom and enlarge-ment under the spacious sky, the exhilarating motion through the upper air, all combine to make such a ride memorable to those whose senses have been schooled under strangely different influences in the East, and it is small wonder that the wild delights of this new experience find expression in uncivilized shouts and ges-

THE PLORA OF THE MOUNTAINS. It is not only the larger features of the scene which are novel. The vegetation, from the grasses on which the herds of catt e are feeding to the dark forests which clothe the flanks of the mountain, belongs to a flora whose forms are new and strange. The plain is bright with larkspurs and lupins, galilardias and phloxes, geraniums, Irises, and forget-me-nots, but the flower are not those known at the East. Even the roses white and pink, which bloom among the shrubs along the gulles, have an unfamiliar look. At the base of the ntain stands a stunted red cedar which makes itsel at home on both sides of the continent. The note of the little song-sparrow can also be heard in the chorus of alien bird music. But the familiar sights and sounds are so few that they only serve to remind one how far away he is from the things he knows best and prizes

Up the narrow trail in single file the stout little horse begin to climb. The broncho blood enables them to pick their way with sure-footed case over fallen timber and slippery rocks. A man of science whose fighting weight is 218 pounds seems a light burden for the stocky roan pony under him, and the summit of the first divide is gained with hardly a rest. It isn't much of a hill for ontana, but it is a good thousand feet bigher than the summit of Mount Washington, and the view between the battlemented cliffs of Bozeman Canon and the wider prospect along the plain to the endless mountain belsey and all billowed like a troubled sea into snowy peaks and ridges, are memories forever to any one whose good fortune it has been to see them through the clear morn-

It is early spring at this altitude, and near the few remaining snow patches the beautiful Western dog-tooth riolet is swinging its yellow bells, strange aquieglas and violets are opening, and the delicate twin-flower is breathing its spley fragrance. An amelanchior belong-ing to the Pacific flors, which is fruiting in the valler, at this altitude is just unfolding its white bloom. Lower down the little bird cherry and the red-berried elder are in full flower, as is the mountain ash, here only a small tree or shrub but plainly more beautiful than the foreign variety so common in Eastern gardens. All the way up the slope from which the original forest has been swept away by fire stands a dense thicket of Pinus Murrayana, the least valuable of the pines. The fire which killed the hope of nobler growth only serves to open the tough cones of this variety and scatter its seeds over the charre ground, which in turn seems to extend a peculiarly hospitable welcome to a sowing of this kind. And here is another example of what seems to be the general law under which the quiver-leaf poplar at the North, the old field pine at the South, and other less desirable trees, take passession of the land from which the better wood has been burned.

AMONG THE CONIFERS. From the ridge the trail leads down the face of a steep incline to the bottom of a gorge through which foams and tumbles a Little stream fed by the melting snows above. The water is ice cold now, but it will b warm enough before it reaches the end of its long jour ney of 4,500 miles through the Gallatin, Missouri and Mississippi rivers to the Gullf of Mexico. Then comes another ascent, after which the trail leads through one of the evergreen forests of this region. The trees are mainly red fir, but among them are found scattering groups of Finus flexilis and Abies subalpina, with Yere and there a white spruce. The timber is not of great size, but some of the red firs have attained to noble pro portions. The borders of the wood are bright with the searlet flowers of the painted cup, and the snowy bleom of a Western rubus which here takes the place of the lilac colored flower so well known on Eastern mountains. Roses red and white abound, and a elematis with large bine bells clambers over shribs of menziesia and a variety of hickleberry with delicate cream-colored flow

arrey of ninekeberry with delicate cream-colored flowers.

In the gloomy depths of the wood there is little undergrowth, and it must be confessed that a conferous forest when observed from within or without sady lacks the interest of variety. There is an unwarying repetition of the same forms and colors and arrangement. In the best of these forests there is a grandeur in the trees whose trunks the on every hand straight and tail in massive calmess, and the loneliness, sience and mystry of the forest depths are most impressive. But all this becomes wearlsome and oppressive at last for want or relief and shading. When seen at some distance with the spiry tops of the trees rising rank above rank like an army with banners elimbing the breast flanks of a mountain in endless procession, the dark weeds profoundly impress the beholder with a feeling of their imiliess extent, and the conquering force with which they sweep over and possess the land. Perhaps in a region to overing heights and vast distances a forest of this kind is better adapted to give emphasis and unity to the grandeur of the scenery than the brighter foliage and more varied forms of a decidnous wood. But after all one cannot help longing for the glory of the oaks and becches and mapies of the East.

THE MYSTIC TROUT OF MYSTIC LAKE. The wood comes to an end at last on the descending slope of another mountain, and as the party one by on gallop out into the open another striking prospect bursts into view. In front the grassy slope falls to a snow-fed brook which sparkles through the ravine. Beyond this rises a mountain whose steep secent is forest clad to the base of a perpendicular cliff which crowns its summit. Near the bottom of this mountain the forest opens into several park-like spaces of a few acres in extent which em like abodes of peace as one looks down into them. Away to the right rest the everlasting snows of the Yellowstone range. Nearer rises a mass of weather-beaten rock which ends in Mount Blackmore with the snow drifts still lying in the deep gorges which seam its flank, while directly below with this grim ridge for a background the light of the clear sky is reflected from Mystle Lake. The horses are soon turned loose to crop the abounding grass upon the bank, and after the riders, whose muscles have been subjected to an unusual strain, have rubbed their brules for a space, they discover that the lake has not been planned on so fgrand a pattern as its surroundings. It is not large enough to centain many trout of the gigantic proportions which the fish a this region are said to attain. But trout is to furnish part of the mountain meal, and the professional angler of the party, armed with claborate tackic, casts the first fly with much circumstance. Nothing less than a four-pounder will satisfy the hungry pilgrims. But, alsa's after expectation has grown weary it is suspected that the proper time of day, or the proper bath, has not been chosen, until at last comes the dawning comprohension that here in the great West as elsewhere some disastrous condition of things prevails under which it is always the other fellow who catches they fish. Columnon animum, etcelera. Theachange their sky but do not escape the temptation to tell fish stories who cross the continent.

REAL ESTATE FEATURES. Lake. The horses are soon turned loose to crop the

REAL ESTATE FEATURES. It is probable that there are seven or eight trout in Mystic Lake which weigh half a pound each. It is probable also that after the unaccommodating fashion of their kind they will refuse to be taken. Nevertheless they serve a worthy purpose if they allure a wanderer

the Northern Pacific is convinced long before he reaches zeman that there is a great deal of real estate in this country. He feels also from the glimpses he catches of the mountains through the car window that there is much glorious scenery in Montana. If he can obtain permission to ride on the pilot he is positive on this oint. But he needs to get out of the valleys which the road traverses and into the heights themselves to gain a full appreciation of the grand prospects which are to be won from every summit. The savage grandeur of the volcanic masses in Yellowstone Park can hardly be matched elsewhere, but throughout this entire northern mountain region one can hardly go amiss among the canons and caseades and streams which run brim full.

The great volume of water which flows from both sides of the main divide into the Missouri and the Columbia is a distinctive feature of the Roeffes in this latitude when compared with the same mountains further south. The economic problem of irrigating the plains and protecting them from floods presents itself under conditions here quite different from those which prevail in Colorado. Evoporation here is much less rapid, and one who traverses this mountain country is constantly surprised by the number of strong, full-flewing streams. Aside from their economic importance, these streams make camp life here more pleasant, and perhaps no other part of the Union offers so many attractions for a summer sojourn. Almost every man in the Territory, as prospector, rancher, herdsman or hunter, has lived under canvas, so that pack animals, saddle horses, skilled guides and packers can be picked up at every settlement. In its proper season the nobler game abounds, and trout of immense size and courage can be found in the next stream beyond that where the pilgrim's tent is pitched. won from every summit. The savage grandeur of the

DR. THOMS AT HIS OLD TRICKS.

COLLECTING MONEY ON FALSE PRETENCES. USING NAMES WITHOUT AUTHORITY, AND LYING ABOUT HIS LABORS.

Regularly every summer, about the time that the festive watermelon makes glad the souls of the sons of Ham, comes the usual complaint as to Dr. W. F. Thoms's endeavor to win his daily bread by playing on the charitable strings of the public heart. learned recently that a check drawn by Messrs. Hitcheock & Dariing in favor of the "Fresh Air Fund" ha been paid into his account at a down-town bank by the erratic doctor, and that the same course had been pursued in regard to a check signed by Pierre Lorillard. It also appears that the doctor is widely disseminating a circular one-half of which is devoted to the peculia " Humane Society " which has been so often and so thor oughly exposed by the press, while the other half is headed "Fresh Air Fund," and contains this statement:

headed "Fresh Air Fund," and contains this statement:
Three hundred thousand destitute sick children have been
saved during the past thirty years by this Fund, in their
numerous visits to tenement houses, their excursions for
sick children, their floating hospital, sea-side sanitariums and trips to the country. The Flower Mission distributes large numbers of flowers to the sick, and the
Society is now establishing a system of bringing the seawater and sea-air into every room in the city of NewYork, so that the sick children can have a change of air
at any moment.
The demands upon us for the sick and destitute children were never more numerous and pressing than now.
We need all the help that Christian synpathy and humane compassion can spare for our work.
We have received letters of approval and contributions
from the following distinguished gentlemen and ladies.
This is followed by a long list of names, among which

This is followed by a long list of names, among which are those of many prominent persons. As the doctor seems still to be able to prey on the unwary, a TRIBUNE reporter set off this week on a short lour of investigaon. He called first at No. 92 Madison-st., a dingy looking old house ornamented as to the front by diversigns and placards setting forth that it is the ab-Dr. W. F. Thoms. He was hospitably entreated by the worthy in question to enter, and a long conversation followed in the course of which sundry startling state ments were made by the "President of the Fresh Air Fund"; and still more startling discoveries and conclusions arrived at by the visitor. In the first place, the doctor stated that the Fund had been in existence for thirty-three years; that the system pursued was one of house-to-house visitation, and that when the suffering children were found they were were taken to a " large open space and laid under the trees," thus reducing their temperature and saving their lives. The " large open space "turned out to be a small back yard graces the presence of a few stunted trees and a small plot of grass. The doctor further stated that " sometimes the children were sent into the country, but the only place he could remember that any one had actually been sent was the Seaside Sanitarium at Rockaway. quest inquiry from the manager of the Sanitarium bro whi out the fact that for two years they had seen or heard nothing of the doctor or his patients, though he assured the reporter that there were from 100 to 200 children in the Sanitarium at the present time sect there by the "Pund." Dr. Thoms talked vaguely and magnifi-cently of the instructions gratuitously given to the poor for rendering their homes healthy, but when asked for a statement as to the nature of these instructions could only say that he told the people to keep their windows open and on hot nights to hang wet cloths in front of them. He also referred to a chimerical scheme he had started which would introduce sea-water into every house. quest inquiry from the manager of the Sanitarium

The managing clerk at the Fifth Avenue Hotel informed the reporter that the check mentioned above was sent on July 3 in answer to a letter from Dr. Thoms. It was paid in at a down-town bank indorsed first by Thoms as President of the Fund, and again with his personal signature. On July 7 they received a letter of acknowledgment and thanks, which now bears the significant indorsement in penell, "Fraud."

Mr. Gray, of the firm of Tiffany & Co., said: "The doctor is a trand, I am afraid. Last July we were foole enough to give him \$20, but we sent some one down to investigate and they found that the "fresh air" was administered in a little hole of a back yard.

Dr. Alonzo Clark, president of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, stared with astonishment when he saw his name on the circular. "I saw the man last, as The managing clerk at the Fifth Avenue Hotel informers reporter that the check mentioned above was set

claus and Surgeons, staredfwith astonishment when he saw his name on the circular. "I saw the man last, as well as I can remember, about eight or nine years ago," he said, "but have never even heard of his Fresh Air Fund. Thoms was graduated in 1850," continued he censuiting the medical list, "and is also in the list of regular physicians. I don't know him, and have always had an impression that he was a humbug."

Mr. Lord, of Lord & Traylor, said: "A man of that, name came here a few days ago and asked for a subscription. I thought he meant for The TRIBLER Fresh Air Fund, but as he had no authority to show and I did not tike his looks i told him to come in again. He has not turned up since."

A member of the firm of W. & J. Sloane said: "He has bright, I am sure, to use John Sloane's name. Mr. oane is in Europe. He may have given two or three ollars years ago, but we know Thoms well enough by datime. Why, I almost kicked him out of the office we years ago. The whole affair is a humbug, I am conwe years ago, inced." The same opinion was generally expressed whereve

AMONG THE TELEGRAPH WIRES.

LIGHT ON THE WORK OF THE LINEMEN.

"We have a sort of up-and-down life," said a pronzed-faced lineman of the Western Union Telegraph Company to a TRIBUNE reporter the other day. "So times we are worked to death, and others we have a 'dead loaf.' Most of our work comes in the nastiest weather, too. Just as certain as we have a heavy thun derstorm, and it's raining cats and dogs, something gets the matter with the line and we are sent out to hunt 'the wrong.' But of course the hardest time of the year is the winter. Then the wires get coated with ice and break. It's easy enough to find a break, though. It's the escapes that bother us more than anything else."

"What is an escape !" " An escape is when from some cause or other the wire comes in contact with some conducting substance and a ground connection is established. The current is broken hen, of course, and you can't get into communication over that wire."

"What is the most frequent cause of escapes !" "Sometimes the wires come in contact with we where they are tied to the insulators. This is caused frequently by carcless ticing on the part of the linemen, and sometimes the tie gets loose. This is the most frequent cause of escapes. Another cause is the swinging of the wires. The span between two poles stretches and swings, and whenever it strikes another wire the cur rent is lost and it becomes a difficult matter to send s

nessage. Words and phrases are dropped out." " How do you go to work to hunt a trouble ?" "We have to follow a wire until we find it. Say we get word that 'City 38' or some other wire is wrong

"We have to follow a wire until we find it. Say we get word that 'City 38' or some other wire is wrong. We look at our diagram and find out which insulator the wire is on. We have diagrams of every pole in the city. Then we follow the wire until we discover the trouble. It requires a quick eye and long experience to hunt a trouble properly, in the city here especially, where we have sometimes as high as seventy-five wires on a pole, and have to follow the wire over housetops, around corners and every other way."

"Do you have to climb every pole ?"

"Not necessarily so, although the climbing is the easiest part of the business. But an experienced lineman can generally tell at a giance if anything is the matter. Sometimes, though, when there is an escape on account of improper tieling, we have a good deal of difficulty."

"Well, at first we are put at gang work, that is a gang of new men are put under an experienced lineman to put up new lines or to make repairs. They learn the rudiments of the business then. After they get far enough along they are put to work in the country, and the best of them ultimately come to the city."

"Oh, it's a great deal casier. You see in the country there are only a few lines on a pole, and as they run right straight along it's as easy as eating pie to hunt trouble there, though it does tell on a cold whirer night when it's snowing and freezing hard enough to paralyze a brass monkey; but it tests a man's ability as a lineman to find trouble in the city where the wires are as thick as peas in a pad. We have a good dea of iun with the 'plugs' when they first come to the city. We go ahead and change the wires and send a 'plug' over to Jersey when he wants to go to Yonkers."

"Do you find that the fire and police wires interfere with your work!"

"Yes, a good deal. You see these fire and telephone fellows will change the wires on a pole and we very frequently find our diagrams all wrong. Then we make new diagrams."

"Ma, is Long Branch an awful dirty place?"
"Why, no, my child—what made you think so !" "Why, here is an advertisement that says it is washed by the tide twice a day.—(Burlington Free Press.

THE COMTE DE CHAMBORD.

FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.

PARISIAN VIEWS OF HIS SICKNESS.

The Comte de Chambord's illness has been the sensation of the week. At first it called forth a universal expression of sympathy. Ultra-Radical journals bowed low to the "dying King," not so much in token of respect to the office that he has filled in partibus or to his illustrious lineage, as to his chivalrous personal qualities. They felt that it was owing to his intervention in 1873 and in 1877 that the Republic was preserved. If he had denied. on either occasion, the flag of the ancient monarchy, or even said nothing about it, he would have been restored with a show of legality to the throne which fell the day on which Louis Seize and his family quitted Versailles under the escort of an enthusiastic, albeit menacing Paris mob. But be held in contempt trickery and intrigue, and preferred that the ancient monarchy should die with him a dignified death rather than to be galvanized by politicians and converted by them into a means for governing France by an oligarchy and a plutocracy. On the night that Thiers was evicted from the Presidency Chambord was at Versailles. While the late sitting of the Assembly was being held he was standing under the statue of Louis Quatorze exchanging messages with his adherents in the Chamber. If he would only have yielded on the question of the flag he would have been proclaimed, but he refused to do so, and authorized MacMahon to serve as a temporary chief of the executive, pending such a restoration as Chambord would only agree to. Villemessant said of him on that occasion, "Henri V. is a Newfoundland dog who will not jump into the water. You will see that he will end

All this was remembered by the Republicans when we were informed on Sunday night that he was at death's door, and the prayers of France were at his request demanded for him. If he had died on Monday or Tuesday there would have been a magmificent outburst of French sensibility. But he has lived on to Friday, and the doctors who met last night to consult about his state have noted improvement and opined that there is no immediate danger. A prolonged sensation does not do in this country. The mass of non-royalistic Frenchmen and Frenchwomen, who were all sympathy and kind feeling on Monday, were yesterday impatient for a dénouement of some kind. To-day they are inclined to make fun of the whole thing and to adopt Rochefort's view, which is that Chambord is either dead, a malade imaginaire, or the tool of a parcel of knaves and It is remarked that the bulletins sent to the Union and to the Gazette de France are not signed by a doctor or doctors, but by two young gentlemen of the household, Baron de Raincourt and Réné :de Monti, the son of Comte de Monti, the political and confidential secretary and friend of the Legitimist Pretender. These bulletins are also contradictory, and they go directly in the teeth of what Doctors Billroth and Drasche said to journalists of the Clairon and the Gaulois. These journals are Clerical and Fusionist. The Marquis de Dreux-Brézé has told me himself that there is no hope except by a miracle.

his days as Comte de Chambord in exile."

A curious fact to which, now that the spirit of incredulity has been aroused, attention is called in the statement made by Billroth to the correspondent of the Gagette de France and to M. Mermeix, of the Gaulois. "I was," he said, "called in to attend to a slight swelling in the leg. It prevented the Comte de Chambord from going out to shoot partridges and deer. On examination I found that it was localized just under the knee, and was not, though inconvenient, of any great importance. But it occurred to me that something serious was the matter with his stomach" (although the patient did not complain of anything there.) On searching I found a cancerous tumor, and also discovered symptoms of hypertrophy of the heart." Is it possible to swallow this? No more in Austria than in France and England do scions of royalty shoot partridges and deer at the beginning of July. A cancerous tumor would have also made its presence felt in a very painful manner. It is not a thing to grow up in a night like the beanstalk in the fairy tale. Had it existed the Comte de Chambord would not have paid much attention to the swelling under the knee. He would have cried out to be relieved from the other affection. Dr. Drasche, on the other hand, when questioned said that in his opinion there was neither cancer nor hypertrophy of the heart. There might be a tumor, but it seen dyspepsia were caused by gouty inflammation of the coats of the stomach. All the doctors have come round to this view. As no food has been taken for many days and there has been little sleep at night, we are astonished to hear of improvement and no immediate danger. A suspicion is growing

night, we are astonished to hear of improvement and no immediate danger. A suspicion is growing up that an unimportant illness had been magnified into a dangerous one so as to give a fillip to the supine. Royalists before the 15th of July—the Comte de Chambord's name-day—comes round, and to stimulate religious feeling.

No reliance from the beginning, it may be observed (and is here in Paris), was placed in what are called human means. Prayers and masses were demanded by the wire-pullers of the Royalist and Cierical faction, who meet at the houses of General Chavette, the Marquis de Dreux-Brèzé and the Duc de Blacas. The Comte de Chambord was past being cured by the doctors, and only a miracle could save him. In this order of ideas pilgrimages, local and general, are being organized by his Master of the Horse, the Duke de Damas. There are to be grand pilgrimages to Lourdes, la Salette, Notre Dame de la Délivrande, St. Anne d'Auray and Notre Dame de Fourvières at Lyons. Theu special masses have been celebrated in churches and Lady and Sacré Cœur Chapels. The Marquis de Beauvoir, who was bronght up with the Comte de Paris, and who went on a tour round the world with three Orleans Princes, has taken a bottle of Lourdes water to Frohsdorf to be applied as a medicament. How he must have laughed in his sleeve when he did this! He is an intelligent and agreeable sceptic, and made a fortune in the Union General bubble. M. de Beauvoir was a colleague of Bontonx and Feder in that affair. He is the husband of an Austrian lady who was first married to Count Gony d'Arey, and who is a sister of the Duchess Decazes. Comte de Chevigné, whose wife I am told is an American, obtained a bit of Christ's seamless tune from a Fanbourg St. Germain lady and bore it off yesterday in triumph to Frohsdorf. It will be placed on the stomach and the heart of the royal patient.

Should the Comte de Chambord overcome this malady or maladies against the 15th of July, that day will be spent in acts of thanksgiving by all who are on the side of t

JOHN DEVOY'S COMPLAINTS.

HIS STRICTURES ON PENITENTIARY FOOD AND CELLS DECLARED BASELESS.

Inquiry was made by a TRIBUNE reporter a day or two ago at the office of the Commissioners of Charities and Correction in regard to the complaint of John Devoy, now an inmate of the penitentiary, that the food served there is of an interior quality, and not so good as that served in English prisons. The Commissioners ex-pressed the opinion that there was no ground for the charge. Each prisoner is served on Tuesdays with coffee and bread for breakfast, soup, six ounces if beef and eight ounces of bread for dinner, and coffee and bread for supper. On Thursdays the dinner is composed of bean soup, salt beef and potatoes and other vegetables, and on

souper. On Thursdays the dinner is composed of some soup, sait beef and potatoes and other vegetables, and on Fridays fish chowder, bean soup and patatoes are given. The food is varied on other days. Warden Fox has been in charge of the penitentiary since 1875, and it was suid that no complaint in regard to his treatment of the prisoners had ever been made. The cooking is done principally by prisoners and is said to be good.

In regard to the charge of overcrowding cells it was stated that there are only ten cells in which there are stated that there are only ten cells in which there are stated that there are only ten cells in the autumn the separate cell for each prisoner, but in the autumn the separate cell for each prisoner, but in the autumn the say to place two prisoners in a cell. A cell is eight feet sary to place two prisoners in a cell. A cell is eight feet sary to place two prisoners in a cell. The complaint of overcrowding in the junatic asylum is. The rear 778 convicts now confined in the penitentiary. The rear of overcrowding in the innatic asylum is the promptly to appropriate the money necessary to except the promptly to appropriate the money necessary to except the composition of the city authorous beautiful to the steady in crease in the number of insangles of the city is still occumedate about 400 persons, is nearly ready for except paney. The lower part is already in use as a heavy to still occupied by about 300 of the seasons.